one which in the morning one tries in vain to tell. And even if I could tell it, I would not. I was happy, because rny face was the type which the great artist who married rne loved to paint. I remember sitting to him in armour for hours and never realising that it was heavy until I fainted!

The day of my wedding it was very cold. Like most women, I always remember what I was wearing on the important occasions of rny life. On that day I wore a bro\m silk gown which had been designed by Holman Hunt, and a quilted white bonnet with a sprig of orange-blossom, and I was wrapped in a beautiful Indian shawl. I " went away " in a sealskin jacket with coral buttons, and a little sealskin cap. I cried a great deal, and Mr. Watts said, " Don't cry. It makes your nose swell."

The day I left home to be married, I " tubbed " all rny little brothers and sisters and washed their fair hair.

Little Holland House, where Mr. Watts lived, seemed to rne a paradise, where only beautiful things were allowed to come. All the women were graceful, and all the men were gifted. The trio of sisters—Mrs. Prinsep —(mother of the painter), Lady Somers, and Mrs. Cameron, who was the pioneer in artistic photography as we know it to-day —were known as Beauty, Dash, and Talent. There were two more beautiful sisters, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Dal-ryrnple. Gladstone, Disraeli and Browning were among Mr. Watts's visitors. At Freshwater, where I went soon

after my marriage, I first saw Tennyson.

As I write down these great names I feel almost guilty of *an imposture ! Such names are bound to raise high anticipations, and my recollections of the men to whom some of the names belong are so very humble.

I sat, shrinking and timid, in a corner—the girl-wife of a famous painter. I was, if I was anything at all, more